

Dear Dick,

3/2/91

I hope my enclosing the wrong set of notes did not waste too much time for you and that the ones to which I did refer reached you in the same mail. I'm still a bit embarrassed, particularly because I've been telling others for years not to overlook the obvious!

I did fix this in mind, however, once that excitement ⁵ dissipated, at least that intensity of it and I made the to me obvious choice of a reporter I know to propose the Oliver Stone/ Garrison book as a book, and he likes the idea.

We've known each other for about 25 years, he's used me as a credited and as an uncredited source for years without ever a single kickback or complaint about accuracy and from my point of view I've been able to record some of the ^{history} history of which I wanted a record made through him.

He is interested, has when he needs it a light touch and a sense of the ridiculous.

He is about to leave for an overseas assignment he thinks will last a couple of weeks. After that he is coming up. He's been here before on stories.

I think that although since the beginning of my illnesses we have had less contact I know this man well enough to believe he is the ideal choice and that he'll proceed if the paper gives him the small amount of time doing the book will require of him. By this I mean relatively small. I also know his editor a bit and think the editor may well like the idea of the book. As we talked about it he also has in mind an associate if he can't get the time from his paper.

Meanwhile, I am getting about as much on the Stone project as I can hope to, not having any clipping service. With some delicious quotes from Stone that I can see coming out as self-ridicule. Like one I got yesterday from a friend in New York who sent me a Village Voice story on Stone's current movie. He is using it to promote his new project and vice versa.

Reminds me. Some years ago when Mike Gravel was a senator his administrative assistant, whose name was Rothstein and who lived on Dead End Run sent me a copy of what had been sent to him at home, what seemed to be ^{by} he did not take as gibberish. It was headed, "Can Mr. Weisberg Translate?" It had the return address, "I.F. Stone, 1546 Lytle Street, Rockville, Md." I knew Izzzy and knew he lived in D.C. I figured that one out, the look of ^{the very Stone would cry out} Mike, and it also carried forward the rock/stone thread than ran through the whole thing. I have no idea how Rothstein figured out that the anonymous author had me in mind but he did. With the help of a number of friends I was able to dope out most of the obscure, multilingual thing and it was, among other things, a threat to kill McGovern in New Hampshire. Not being a novelist I dropped it after I decided that the author was a highly-educated man who phoned me from time to time and was emotionally ill. But in this day when assassinations of hot in publishing I can see literary value in this, one of the reasons I mention it. Perhaps a movie with so many people of so many disciplines involved in doping out the meaning. It could come out just in time. Best,
to save the intended intention *Heard*